

Christian Secretary.

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"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE CHURCHES."

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The Work of the Spirit.

The work of the Spirit is almighty.—From what is said in the Bible of the conversion of the soul, it is manifest that nothing short of divine energy can accomplish it. The conversion of a sinner is compared to the opening of the eyes of the blind. Men are blind from their birth as to spiritual things, and their eyes are opened, and they are turned from darkness into light, not by human skill or might, but by the Spirit of the Lord. He enlightens the eyes of our understanding, that we may know what is the hope of his calling and what the riches of glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us ward who believe; according to the working of his mighty power, which He wrought in Christ when He raised him from the dead. If we know from experience that whereas we were blind now we see, we acknowledge that God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

The conversion of the soul is represented in the scriptures as a new creation. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away and all things are become new; the new man is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him who created him; he is created, after God, in righteousness and true holiness. This new creation alone is everlasting life; for in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature.

The word of truth likens the renovation of the heart to a resurrection from the dead. Paul says to the saints at Ephesus, You have been quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins. He who said to the dead and buried Lazarus, Come forth! assures us that as the Father raiseth up the dead and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom He will. The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live. Hence, if the Spirit of the Lord hath breathed upon us, if we have been brought out of the mire and clay and the horrible pit, we rejoice while we confess that God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. In a word opening the eyes of the blind, unstopping the ears of the deaf, raising the dead, breaking the hard and stony heart in pieces, making the dry bones to live, and many similar representations in the Bible, all set forth most unequivocally, a work which almighty power alone can perform. And God, the Father, Son and Spirit, claims this work as his own, in language plain and explicit:—I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh; I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes; I create new heavens and a new earth; behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy. He who gives power to become the sons of God, declares that those sons are not born of the will of men, but of God. Let us therefore, unite with the Psalmist in prayer—Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me! And if prepared to enter the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, we shall say with the apostle, He who has wrought us for this selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit.—Rev. S. H. Cone, D. D.

John Bunyan.

A man in the clouds and hear him speak to thee?

Who has not read Pilgrim's Progress? Who has not, in childhood, followed the wandering Christian on his way to the Celestial City? Who has not laid at night his young head on his pillow, to point on the walls of darkness pictures of the Wicket Gate and the Archers, the Hill of Difficulty, the Lions and Giants, Doubting Castle and the wonderful glory beyond it, and at last fallen asleep, to dream over the strange story; to hear the sweet welcomes of the sisters at the House Beautiful, and the song of birds from the window of that "upper chamber which openeth toward the sunrising?" And who, looking back to the green spots in his childish experiences, does not bless the good Tinker of Elstow?

And who, that has re-perused the Story of the Pilgrim at a mature age, and felt the

plummet of its truth sounding in the deep places of the soul, has not reason to bless the author for some timely warning or grateful encouragement? Where is the scholar, the poet, the man of taste and feeling, who does not, with Cooper,

"Even in transitory life's late day,
Reverse the man where Pilgrim marks the road,
And guides the Progress of the soul to God."

We have just been reading, with no slight degree of interest, that simple but wonderful piece of auto-biography entitled "GRACE ABOUNDING TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS," from the pen of the author of Pilgrim's Progress. It is the record of a journey more terrible than that of the ideal Pilgrim, "truth stranger than fiction," the painful upward struggling of a spirit from the blackness of despair and blasphemy, into the high, pure air of Hope and Faith. More earnest words never were written. It is the entire unveiling of a human heart; the tearing off of the fig-leaf covering of its sin. The voice which speaks to us from these old pages seems so much that of a denizen of the world in which we live, as of a soul at the last solemn confessional.—Shorn of all ornaments, simple and direct as the contrition and prayer of childhood, when for the first time the Spectre of Sin stands by its bedside, the style is that of a man dead to self-gratification, careless of the world's opinion, and only desirous to convey to others, in all truthfulness and sincerity, the lesson of his inward trials, temptations, sins, weaknesses and dangers; and to give glory to Him who had mercifully led him through all, and enabled him, like his own Pilgrim, to leave behind him the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the snares of the Enchanted Ground, and the terrors of Doubting Castle, and to reach the land of Beulah, where the air was sweet and pleasant, and the birds sang and the flowers sprang up around him, and the Shining Ones walked in the brightness of the not distant Heaven. In the introductory pages he says:—"I could have dipped into a style higher than this in which I have discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than here I have seemed to do; but I dared not. God did not play in tempting me; neither did I play when I sinned, as it were, into a bottomless pit, when the pangs of hell took hold on me; wherefore, I may not play in relating of them, but be plain and simple, and lay down the thing as it was."

This book, as well as "Pilgrim's Progress," was written in Bedford prison, and was designed especially for the comfort and edification of his "children, whom God had counted him worthy to beget in faith by his ministry." In his introduction, he tells them that, although taken from them, and tied up, "sticking, as it were, between the teeth of the lions of the wilderness," he once again, as before, from the top of Sheer and Hermon, so now, from the lion's den and the mountain of Leopards, would look after them with fatherly care and desires for their everlasting welfare.—"I," said he, "you have sinned against light; if you are drowned in despair; if you think God fights against you; or if Heaven is hidden from your eyes, remember it was so with your father. But out of all the Lord delivered me."—Nat. Era.

I Cannot Find Time.

There are some who put off the claims of repentance with the hollow and heartless plea, that they must "wait God's time." But for one of this sort, there are many more, who, at least in practice, say:—"I cannot find time!" This is often the language of the life, where the lips would falter in attempting to utter the words. The duty of repentance is preached; but the cares of this world, like thorns and briars, choke the word, and make it unfruitful.—The distractions of business, the unceasing round of daily occupation, exhausts the mind. It can be no further excited. Wearied and flagging, its attention cannot be roused, or steadily fastened upon spiritual things. The world, a huge mass of anxieties and toils, rolls over the mind and crushes it into moral inaction and deadness.

It were a sad sight to see an immortal being placed here for the great object of securing eternal happiness; and yet so beset with "carking cares" and minor troubles, that he can find no time for effecting that great object. But the plea is false and vain. God requires of us nothing without giving the necessary time in which it may be done. How much time does it need to see that we have sinned and that sin is wrong? that it is hateful in its nature and effects? that it is abhorrent to God, and exposes us to his just and dreadful wrath? How much time must we have to enable us to feel a sacred sorrow for sin as committed against the holy will and law of a merciful God? to feel and breathe a sincere desire to be renewed and forgiven? These feelings may be excited with the quickness of thought. The mind sees at a glance that they are right. The conscience instantly consents to them; and they may be exercised in one day, one hour,—aye, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. The plea of want of time cannot stand.

This pretence is an insult to religion, so long as time can be found for any thing of

less importance. It is a practical contemning of all the proffered blessings of the gospel. It ranks religion below the world, as being less fit to occupy the time which can be given to but one. It is placing creatures above the Creator, loving and serving them more than him. Whoso asserts that he has no time to take care of his soul and acts accordingly, tramples on the blood of Christ, in hasting to be rich, or in flying from temporal want. It is gross dishonor done to the Savior to hold so cheap all that he has purchased by his agonies.—Such a plea for continuing in sin is itself a bold and impudent sin, affronting and despising the goodness of God and the riches of his mercy.

Ah, reader! say not that you cannot find time for the work of repentance. You must find a time to die; or rather, such a time will be found for you. The pressure of business cannot shield you from the shafts of death. Time or no time, ready or not ready, penitent or impenitent, you must meet the inevitable stroke. In that awful and "honest hour," as you review your life of sin, will you be able to quiet your soul with the assertion that you had no time to prepare for death and for the presence of your God and Judge? No; you will not dare to say it. You will feel that if you had not time, you could have made it, and ought to have made it, and are without excuse for omitting to do so. Far better for you to give up the most profitable business, the most lucrative office, the most honorable calling, than to lose your soul for want of time to take care of it.—Oh! would you but see this matter in its true light, your only feeling would be that, till your peace is made with God, you can find time for nothing else.—Boston Recorder.

Consistent Christian Character.

We have already seen that constant effort is necessary to resist those influences which would hinder or mislead us in our Christian course; but this is not sufficient. Should we stand with weapon in hand ready to defend ourselves from all attack, without making any advancement, we should not be consistent Christians. This effort to resist—this negative action—we must have, but there is a positive good to be acquired, and there must be positive efforts to secure it. Like Nehemiah's men, we must not only defend ourselves from the enemy, but we must build up the walls of Zion. We must not only deny ungodliness and worldly lust, but we must live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.

Christian effort is adapted to secure the end. This is practically true. As a matter of fact Christians do exert themselves to secure the end and succeed. We do not say that there is any inherent virtue in the effort independently to produce the result; but that there is a law of fitness established by God, we do not doubt. We feel that if this is the case—we must strive. If we have any object to gain, whether physical, intellectual or moral which comes within the bounds of our efforts, we exert ourselves to secure it; and in no other way do we expect it. If we do not succeed, it is because we do not try sufficiently, or in the right manner.

If there were no fitness in the effort to gain the end, we might as well expect the end without the effort as with it. Moreover if we did not see something accomplished by our best exertions—some advancement made, or feel the assurance that this would be the case, how long should we continue our futile labors? Should we not immediately conclude that as there is no tendency in the means employed to secure the end, there is no propriety in wasting our efforts?

The Christian is commanded to be holy; and though he may be almost discouraged when he looks at his own imperfections, yet the more self-denying, faithful and persevering he is in the performance of every duty, the greater is his progress in the divine life. He does not doubt for a moment that the nearer he lives at the foot of the cross, and the more he is attracted by it, the more he will become assimilated to that character of holiness without which no man shall see the Lord. And why does he not doubt it? It is because it accords with his own experience and convictions as far as he has been, as well as with the promises of God. If we commence a progressive series and discover the law of development throughout its first members, we do not hesitate to predicate the same law of the whole series. We expect like causes to produce like effects; and why should we doubt with regard to the formation of a Christian character which is established on the eternal foundation of truth by Him "with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning." That we must work out our salvation, implies exertion indispensable and adequate to the end, and the fact that God works in us does not lessen the appropriateness and necessity of our labor. The fact that there are means by which we may grow in grace, implies that we should use them to this end. There is a fitness in right effort here as much as there

is in volition to secure a given result. I cannot will a man pain, but I can will to inflict what will produce pain, and put my volition into action. Now if we could not a priori determine the relation of pain to the volition, yet we might learn it by experience. So in a moral sense, we learn by experience as well as revelation that he who would be a consistent disciple of Christ must deny himself, take up his cross and follow him. Although we are weak, yet through Christ which strengtheneth us, we can do all things. His grace is sufficient for us, and he has promised to be with us to the end; so that we have no excuse for the failure of the performance of any duty.—Morn. Star.

Wings of Prayer.

Our wretchedness and God's mercy are the two wings on which our prayer ascends to heaven. Let us consider, first, how short our life is, how slippery the way and how uncertain the hour of our death; that we came into the world weeping, that we pass along in it with sorrow, and shall quit it with anguish. Let us consider what bitterness is mingled with its highest delights, and how deceitful and treacherous is everything which comes from the love of the world. Let us think what unnumbered evils lie heavily upon mankind at large, and what dangers have threatened us in particular. Let us remember how many sins we have committed from our youth up, how much worthless labor we have performed, how often we have toiled for nothing, what we have found and what we have lost, where we are and from whence we are fallen.—What can urge us to pray more strongly than such considerations?

On the other hand, what can more sweetly attract us to it than the mercy of our Creator, which we never cease to experience? How much good he has shown us, and from how much evil he has delivered us! Let us consider how he reminds us of himself when we forget him, how he calls us back when we forsake him, how graciously he receives us when we come to him, how he forgives us when we are penitent, how he upholds us when we stand, and how he raises us when we fall, how he brings bitter sorrow out of our sinful pleasures, and heavenly consolation out of our sorrow. Surely if we consider all this, our hearts will be inflamed for prayer.—Christian Watch.

Christianized Sensibility vs. Christianity.

From an able article in the North British Review of August last, we eliminate, says the Evangelist, the following paragraphs, to which we add a brief comment and application:

"If we look to Christianity, which in our times has done much more to refine the sentiments of nations than to reform their morals—which has winged the thoughts of the thoughtful, has lent philosophy an upward impulse, has suffused those gentle sympathies, that led men to consider 'their fellows even when they do not love them'; Christianity has taught, it has trained, it has driven men to think at large of human well-being, of human responsibility, of human frailty, and of the individual import of the pains and joys of life, and all this in a manner that now recoils upon Christianity itself, and leads—it has led extensively—to a silent but resolute rejection of its own claims. To individuals professing to reject Christianity on such grounds, the question ought fairly to be put: What is it that has taught you to think Christianity and its revelations of futurity incredible? The true answer, although it is an answer which we should obtain only from ingenuous bosoms, would be—It is Christianity itself which has taught us a mode of thinking, and has suffused through our souls a moral instinct, which, to us, renders it, taken as a whole, incredible, or if not incredible, insupportable. The wide diffusion of a purified Christianity on the surface of society, and the indirect influence of the refinement of tastes which results, especially among the cultivated classes, is generating infidelity and pantheism among us, silently, but to a great extent. It is a silent influence over the imagination, and over the moral sentiments of a cultivated people, which springs from a wide diffusion of the gospel itself; we mean the gospel, freed from corruptions, but bereft of power. Two hundred years ago, the great truths of the gospel beat strong in the trunk arteries; but had not sent fine feelings and a fine complexion to the surface of man's moral nature. The result of the expected and desired diffusion of Christianity in highly civilized countries, under its present aspect of a mild, purifying, but powerless influence, is an antagonistic reaction from Christianized sensibility upon Christianity itself, and which must bring about, unless the course of things be early arrested, the substitution silently of a Christianized pantheism."

Add to these certain late sayings of Dr. Chalmers, and our text is complete:—"There lies an immense responsibility on professing Christians, if such men as Carlyle, with their importunate and most righteous demand for all the generous and god-like virtues of the gospel, are not brought

to the obedience of the faith. There must be a deplorable want amongst us of the 'light shining before men,' when, instead of glorifying our course, they can speak, and with a truth the most humiliating, of our inert and unproductive orthodoxy. These withering abjurations of Carlyle, who has done so much to vindicate and bring to light the Augustan age of Puritanism might come back again to reform our state, and to bless our families."

Here is important truth, not more applicable to the aspects of religion and morality in England than here, where, to the shame of the church be it spoken, the foremost men in some of our philanthropic movements, in the interpretation of the spirit of the age, in the practical applications of Christianity, in the reformation of abuses, in the vindication of the rights of man, are men who make no profession, and whom we have no reason to believe to be experimentally acquainted with Christianity.—The church has pusillanimously left not only the working out, but the very reins of certain necessary reforms of the day in the hands of men, who if not before inimical to Christianity, will be made so by Christianity's neglect of what it is its proper mission to look after. They are doing practically with all their might, for humanity's sake, what the church ought to be doing as heartily, through its ministry and representative men, for Christ's sake.

And if they succeed, as succeed they will, in abolishing slavery, in banishing intemperance, in killing war, in restraining licentiousness, in reforming social abuses, then the recoil upon Christianity, the antagonistic reaction from these Christianized sensibilities upon the cause of religion itself, will be disastrous in the extreme. We be to religion when irreligious men, by force of nature or the tendency of the age, get ahead of the church in morals and in the practical work of Christianity. In some instances they are already a long way ahead. And we might specify individuals and journals in this country that are far before the recognized organs of the church, in the advocacy of truth and righteousness and liberty. It would be difficult to say whether there is the more disgrace or danger in a fact like this.

We learn from Scripture, and it is a little remarkable that it is the only exact definition of religion found in the sacred volume, that pure religion, and undefiled before God the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unstained from the world. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.—Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them;—whatsoever ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them.

A Wonderful Conversion.

There was, some years ago, not far from this place, a very gifted preacher, who for several years preached with great earnestness and success the doctrine of the cross; but who on that very account was violently opposed. One of his opponents, a well informed person, who had for a long time absented himself from the church, thought, one Sunday morning, that he would go and hear the gloomy man once more, to see whether his preaching might be more tolerable to him than it had been heretofore. He went; and that morning the preacher was speaking of the narrow way, which he did not make either narrower or broader than the word of God describes. "A new creature in Christ, or eternal condemnation," was the theme of his discourse; and he spoke with power, and not as a mere learned reasoner. During the sermon, the question forced itself upon the hearer's conscience: "How is it with myself? Does this man declare the real truth?" This thought took such a hold upon him, that he could not get rid of it amidst any of his engagements or amusements. But it became from day to day more troublesome; more and more penetrating; and threatened to embitter every joy of his life; so that at last he thought he would go and see the preacher himself, and ask him upon his conscience, if he were convinced of the truth of that which he had lately preached. He fulfilled his intention and went to the preacher. "Sir," said he to him, with great earnestness, "I was one of your hearers when you spoke, a short time ago, of the only way of salvation. I confess to you that you have disturbed my peace of mind, and I cannot refrain from asking you solemnly before God, and upon your conscience, if you can prove what was unfoundedly asserted, or whether it was unfoundedly asserted." The preacher not a little surprised at his address, replied with convincing certainty, that he had spoken the word of God, and consequently infallible truth.—"What then is to become of us?" replied the visitor. His last word, as startled the preacher; but he rallied his thoughts and began to explain the plan of salvation to the enquirer and exhort him to repent and believe. But the latter, as though he had not heard one syllable of what the preacher said, interrupted him in the midst of it, and repeated, with increasing emotion, the anx-

ious exclamation, "If it be true, sir, I beseech you, what are we to do?" Terrified, the preacher staggers back. "We," thinks he, "what means this?" and, endeavoring to stifle his inward uneasiness and embarrassment, he resumed his exhortations and advice. Tears came into the eyes of the visitor; he smote his hands together like one in despair, and exclaimed in an accent which might have moved a heart of stone. "Sir, if it be true, we are lost and undone!" The preacher stood pale, trembling and speechless. Then, overwhelmed with astonishment, with downcast eyes and convulsive sobbings he exclaimed, "Friend, get down on your knees, let us pray and cry to God for mercy!" They knelt down and prayed; and shortly after the visitor took his leave. The preacher shut himself up in his closet. Next Sunday, word was sent that the minister was unwell, and could not appear. The same thing happened the Sunday following. On the third Sunday the preacher made his appearance before his congregation worn with his inward conflict and pale, but his eyes beaming with joy, and commenced his discourse with the surprising and affecting declaration, that he had now for the first time, passed the strait gate. You will ask what had occurred to him in his chamber during the interval that elapsed. A storm passed over before him,—but the Lord was not in the storm; an earthquake,—but the Lord was not in the earthquake; a fire,—but the Lord was not in the fire. Then came the small still voice; on which the man enveloped his face in his mantle, and from that time he knew what was the gospel and what was grace.—Krumpholtz.

For the Christian Secretary.

BRO. BURN:—In bygone days and years, there was a Baptist Church in East Hampton, Conn., the members of which were a persecuted people—the most of them have rested from their labors and their works have followed them. Among them were the names of Welch, Wheat, Potter, Gates, Sexton, Niles, Ackley, Arnold, DeWick and others. When I first knew them, say 40 years past, they worshipped their Creator in a school house north of East Hampton Pond; sometimes they had preaching, at other times none; yet they were always found at their place of worship (rain or shine) although some of them had to walk three or four miles, "leaning upon the staff of their staff." Those men were men of sterling principle and integrity, and while their happy spirits have gone to join the triumphant church above, where is the man in these later days, with the Bible in his hand, that dare presume to say their mode of worship did not agree with the plain worship of the apostolical church, in the improvement of their gifts by singing, prayer and exhortation,—always searching the Bible, taking that as the rule and guide of their faith? The school house, situated in the centre district in East Hampton, near Buell's Hotel and Post Office in the town of Chatham, was built by contribution, with a two-fold object for schools and religious meetings, or worship; and I hereby appoint a religious meeting in accordance with the Constitution of the State of Connecticut, in said house, to commence on the 1st Sabbath of May, at 1 o'clock P. M., to continue as late in the day every Sabbath in the season as may be thought proper, either in the afternoon or evening; and I also ask the aid of the Baptist Home Missionary Society to help by sending from time to time this season, some minister who can preach the whole gospel, (without fee or reward from the hearers) to come over and help us; also all ministers are affectionately invited to attend said meeting;—at the same time the home missionary and all ministers shall receive all towards their services the people are willing to contribute for their labors of love. When no minister is present, all Christians are invited to improve their gifts by reading the Bible, prayer of exhortation, as "the word of God is not bound," and "whom the Son maketh free he is free indeed."

Ministers and brethren from abroad please call on the subscriber.

GILES C. HALL.

East Hampton, April 24, 1847.

CONVERSION.—How palpably true is our Lord's declaration, that "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God!" Not only he shall not, but he cannot. He has no faculty capable of discerning it. If we know not exactly as to particulars what heaven is, we know to a certainty what it is not. We are sure it is not like earth. There are no routs, assemblies, play-houses or horse-races there; no estates to be bought or sold, no funds to be transferred, no business to be managed upon the Exchange, or in coffee-houses.—How, then, could they whose hearts are set upon these things, possibly be happy even in heaven, when separated forever from all they love? Heaven must be a hell to an unbalanced, unsanctified sinner, even if he could be admitted there. The company, employments, enjoyments are of the same kind with what he despised upon earth.—John Newton.

Poetry.

LABOR.

BY MRS. F. S. OSBORN.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus
Unintermitting, goes up to Heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose heart keeps growing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is risen.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whirring upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud shows the life-giving shower;
From the rough cold blows the soft breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower:
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—"Till the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despatches; bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark night assaileth!
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor in glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
He hears only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest!—from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin promptings that hourly entreat us,
Rest from world-sorrows that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumber shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—and thou shalt heed no care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Wo's weeping willow:
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not tho' shame, sin and anguish are round thee!
Look to yon pure Heaven smiling beyond thee!
Rest not content in thy darkness—a cloud!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! all labor is noble and holy!
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

Religious & Moral.

Ultimate Development of the Reason.

In the progress of human society, the human mind has apparently reached the ultimate point of self-attainment in various parts of the world. We say self-attainment, because we speak of what the human mind can attain without sanctifying faith in Jesus.

In different ages and in different countries as the nations grew old, and experience and acquired knowledge accumulated, philosophy passed through different phases, and finally seemed to reach an ultimate development. The last phases of the different systems of philosophy in different countries have a striking similarity the one to the other, and from this fact the conclusion may be derived that the end to which unaided reason may attain has been fairly wrought out, because the different processes all give nearly the same result.

1. The oriental philosophy has a peculiarity in the doctrine of transmigration.—But its ultimate philosophy purports a rescue from even this evil. Having its root in the Vedas, or ancient religious books of India, the system developed itself and reached its ultimate form at a later period. Learned men have supposed its origin should date about 1000 years before Christ and its final aspect is presented some centuries before the Christian Era. The oriental philosophy taught the doctrine of pantheism. Brahman was the sole divinity, but all temporal objects were but manifestations of Brahman. The greatest good was to devote oneself to the contemplation of the Divine—to look upon all earthly things as illusions, and to find repose by seeing God in everything, and that God was everything. The man who acted as though the things about him were real was dreaming, the man who acted as though everything was God, and God was in everything, had attained the divine science.—With them there was no finite, all was infinite; and to see the infinite in all things was the highest attainment. The Vedantists had a language of science, and one applicable to things illusory or to the objects of sense. They were the transcendentalists of the oriental philosophy.

2. Grecian philosophy had its roots in the Ionic school of Thales six centuries before Christ, included in its development the doctrine of Pythagoras, and of various other teachers, such as Xenophanes, Parmenides, and Zeno; each giving new phases to the assumed doctrines. Pythagoras maintained that the Infinite One contained and at the same time, produced all things; others as Xenophanes doubted, and disputed concerning the origin of things, whether anything could be said to be created, because, as all things existed in the Infinite One, hence the infinite was all things and was in all things. The Grecian series reached its perfect development in the Socratic school, and is fixed in the doctrines of Plato.

With Plato, God was unknown only as revealed in his word of Logos. But this Word was creator, and contained the "ideas" or types of all things. Matter is eternal, God is eternal, the word is intermediate. God in some way by the Word or intermediate principle is the soul of the world; this soul of the world forms itself, or is formed into intelligent beings, and by the admixture of matter enters into all created forms. God comprises the ideas of the good, the beautiful, the true, and the highest good of men, and the highest attainment of the soul is to love, and to endeavor to actualize in itself the good, the beautiful, and the true. Platonism is the Grecian transcendentalism, and differs only in its ultimate conclusions from Orientalism in that it separates matter from God in an *esse*, and calls it independent and eternal; but by the soul of the world which is

of God, God is still seen in the forms and movement of things. It was a limited pantheism with the transcendental language.

The philosophy of the earlier and middle ages of christianity, was the adoption or resurrection of some of the peculiarities of the ancient schools, down until the recent development in Germany. The transcendentalism of Kant and Fichte has a limited development in our own country, and constitutes the characteristic development of the reason in modern times.

The philosophy of Kant is ideal, like the Platonic and oriental. External things are phenomenal; the real and the true are found only in the conceptions of the reason. "All that man can affirm is that he is placed in a world of appearances, which he combines according to his own reason."

Fichte perfected this development of philosophy. "God is merely the moral order of the Universe," and the mind has the conception of God only by its own moral exercises. We are not to conceive of God as a separate being, but to see him in the order of the Universe, and in our own consciences. This is the result of the transcendental or pantheistic philosophy of the moderns. In its elementary moral aspect, it differs nothing from the Pythagorean phase of the Grecian philosophy, and this aspect of the Grecian reached the same result as the oriental philosophy of the Vedas.

The problem then has been fairly worked out by human experience, and proved by various processes reaching the same result, that the highest attainment unaided reason can make in the knowledge of God, is that he exists in, and is manifest through nature; that the objects which meet the senses are evil or illusory, and that we must rise above them in our aspirations, and worship the God that is in them, and in us, regarding nature as the body and God the soul. That our highest knowledge of God is learned from the action of our own conscience, and from the order or nature, (or as the old Grecians had it) in our ideas of the good, the beautiful, the true.

So true is it that "the world by nature knows not God," and that human reason "by searching cannot find him out." The mind progresses through various processes of reasoning until a cold abstract idea is produced, that is not a conception of matter, but something that is in matter and of matter, but out of matter and above matter. This idea includes the "infinite" of the Brahmins, the "Logos" or Supreme Reason of Plato, the conception of the pure reason of Kant. And human duty is conformity of mind to conception thus given of the character of God.

After the human mind has worked out this problem, it very soon becomes dissatisfied with its own results. The numerous sects among the Hindoos—the various schools of philosophy after Plato—the present reaction against the Transcendentalists in Germany, all teach that the mind will not be satisfied with the result of its own wisdom. Hence Plato, who was perhaps the wisest of all uninspired men, expected, and in one sense actually predicted, that a divine teacher would be sent to men, to teach them concerning the true God and the true duty of man.

The world had reached such a crisis when Christ made his advent. It had tried everything, had gained the summit of its wisdom, and was satisfied with nothing. Some of the earliest converts to christianity, among whom was Justin Martyr, saw in the service and teachings of Jesus the true God; and man's true duty. Finding that the thirst of the soul could not be satisfied by earthly philosophy, he drank of the fountain of life, and found rest and purity for his weary mind, and satisfying knowledge for his soul.

We trust there will be many such cases in this country and in Germany. Men will find that the highest abstraction of the best reason is rapid and vain, that the conception of God's character thus attained, is cold and dead—that it does not satisfy the mind, nor beget love in the heart. Many, instead of leaping from Transcendentalism into Catholicism as Brownson has done, will, we hope, receive the New Testament as a revelation of divine truth, and believe that Jesus Christ was both a manifestation of the true God, and a model man, or example of human character and human duty.

The various rationalistic systems of the present day will all reach the same end as that others have arrived, *Forerism*, *Owenism*, *Garrisonism*, *Unitarianism*, are all based upon efforts of the unaided reason. The ends aimed at are often right, and many of their theories are beautiful; but they give the conception of God without life, and they describe duty without imparting power and purity to the soul, which will stimulate and guide in the discharge of the duties inculcated. Christ is the centre of faith, and the example of duty is "the way, the truth, and the life."—*Herald of the Prairies*.

Voltaire's Plan to Rebuild the Temple of Jerusalem.

Among the many excellent remarks which have at different times appeared in your pages, relative to the inspired prophecies, I do not recollect to have seen any allusion to what has often struck me as one very strong corroboration of their truth.—I mean the attempts which have been made, but in vain, to defeat their accomplishment. The modern state of the Jews is an invincible argument on this subject; but what I intend more particularly to urge at present, as an illustration of my remark, is the plan conceived by Julian, and revived by D'Alembert and Voltaire, to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem. I shall give the account of this transaction in the words of the Abbe Barrelet.

"It is well known what strength the

Christian religion draws from the fulfilling of the prophecies, and particularly from those of Daniel, and of Christ himself, on the fate of the Jews and their temple. Julian, the apostate, in order to give the lie to Christ and to the prophet Daniel, had sought to rebuild the temple. It is also known, that flames bursting forth from the earth, at divers times, and devouring the workmen, had obliged him to desist from the undertaking. D'Alembert was not ignorant of this act of the divine vengeance having been certified by a multitude of eye-witnesses. He had undoubtedly seen it recorded in Ammianus Marcellinus—an author of unquestionable authority, for he was the friend of Julian, and like him, a Pagan. But this did not hinder him from writing to Voltaire, 'You probably know that at this present time there is in Berlin a Jew, who, expecting Mahomet's Paradise, is in the meantime gone to wait on the former disciple, in the name of the Sultan Mustapha. Writing to that country the other day, I mentioned, that if the king (of Prussia) would but say the word, it would be a fine opportunity to have the temple of Jerusalem rebuilt.'

"That word was not said by the former disciple, and D'Alembert gives the following reason to Voltaire: 'I have no doubt that we should have succeeded in our negotiation for the rebuilding of the temple of the Jews, if your former disciple had not been afraid of losing some of his Jewish worshippers, who could have carried away thirty or forty millions of money with them.' Thus, in spite of all inclination to give the lie to the God of the Christians, even the sordid interest of the conspirators was to add a new proof to the truth of his doctrines.

"Voltaire had not, eighteen years after, given up the plan, nor lost all hopes of accomplishing it. Seeing that D'Alembert had not succeeded with Frederic, he endeavored to prevail with the Empress of Russia. He writes to her, 'If your majesty is in regular correspondence with Ali Bey, I implore your protection with him; I have a little favor to ask of him; it is to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem, and to recall the Jews, who will pay him a large tribute, and thereby make a mighty lord of him.'

"Voltaire, when nearly eighty, still persisted in this plan, which he was to prove to the people that Christ and his prophets were impostors."

The truth of the circumstances attending Julian's attempt has been often called in question; but I think that no person can deliberately weigh the strong arguments of Bishop Warburton, in his treatise on this subject, without admitting both that the attempt was made, and that it was defeated in the manner described by Ammianus Marcellinus. Voltaire's plan seems to have been half in jest; though, had the project been favorably received, it can scarcely be doubted but that he would have pressed it in earnest. So much for the intention both of the ancient and modern Julian; as for the project itself, it would have proved nothing but the impety of the de-vilers, had it been put into execution; for, as the Abbe Gregoir, in speaking on this very subject, justly remarks, "The prophecies foretold that there should not remain one stone upon another, which has been strictly fulfilled; but they nowhere relate that the edifice should never be re-built."

Island of St. Helena.

We would call the attention of our readers to an appeal for books to be sent to St. Helena, which has recently been addressed to the American Baptist Publication Society, by Mrs. Brown. Mrs. B. on her return from Assam, stopped at St. Helena, and became deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of that island—famous in the world's history as the grave of Napoleon, and dear to Baptists as the grave of one of our most blessed memory. We find Mrs. B.'s letter in the Christian Chronicle. She writes as follows:—*N. Y. Recorder*.

"On my return from India, I was providentially called to spend a few days on the island of St. Helena, and had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the Rev. J. McRager Bertram, the only dissenting minister on the island. He is a Scotchman, belonging at present to no society or denomination of Christians, but is anxious to become united with the American Baptists, and connected with our Board of Foreign Missions, and I expect will soon make application to that effect. Mr. Bertram is one of the most zealous and talented preachers I have ever heard, and has, during his short stay of one year upon the island, been very successful. When I was there in December, his labors had been blessed to the hopeful conversion of some hundred souls, and the work was still going on. Meetings were well attended, and the Spirit of the Lord evidently in their midst. Among the converts was the American Consul, William Carroll, Esq. It was delightful to witness the child-like simplicity and faith of this inhabitant in a dreadfully ignorant state with regard to religious things. His hearers were mostly from among the poorer class, and are unable to give him much support. There is a great destruction of books among them, and he pleads earnestly that I would intercede with some of the benevolent societies in America, to forward him a box of religious books. He mentioned in particular some of the Sunday school publications, Baptist Sermons, Baptist Tracts, or any good books on that subject. Also, some works against Sabbath breaking, and intemperance, both great, and the latter a growing evil on this island. It is my opinion that a box of books could not be better disposed of at present, than sent to this destitute people. Yours in Christian bonds, ELIZA W. BROWN."

In the Baptist Missionary Magazine for February, 1846, is a description of Mrs. Judson's death and burial at St. Helena.—Dr. Judson thus alludes to Mr. B.:—"A coffin was procured from the shore, and after a prayer had been offered by a dear brother minister from the town, the Rev. Mr. Bertram, we proceeded in boats to the shore. We were accompanied to the burial ground by the adherents and friends of Mr. Bertram, and a large concourse of the inhabitants. They had prepared the grave in a beautiful shady spot, contiguous to the grave of Mrs. Chafer, a missionary from Ceylon, who had died in similar circumstances on her passage home. After the funeral, the dear friends of Mr. Bertram took me to their houses and their hearts; and their conversation and prayers afforded me unexpected relief and consolation."

Let us now, in return, aid this brother in his labors of love, and send him an ample supply of Baptist books and tracts.—Donations can be sent by mail to B. R. Loxley, No. 31 North Sixth street, Philadelphia.

In Storm, Steer on.

The mariners sailing with St. Paul bore up against the tempest, whilst either art or industry could befriend them. Finding both to fail, and that they could not any longer bear up into the wind, they even let the ship drive. I have endeavored in these despatched times, to hold up my spirits, and to steer them steadily. A happy peace here was the port whereby I desired to arrive. Now, alas! the storm grows too sturdy for the pilot. Hereafter all the skill I will use, is no skill at all, but even let my ship sail whither the winds send it.

Noah's ark was bound for no other port but preservation for the present, (that ship being all the harbor) not intending to find land, but to float on water. May my soul, (though not sailing to the desired haven,) only be kept from sinking in sorrow.

This comforts me, that the most weather-beaten vessel cannot properly be seized on for a wreck which hath any quick cattle remaining therein. My spirits are not yet forfeited to despair, having one lively spark of hope in my heart, because God is even where he was before.—*Fuller*.

The End of Education.

The multitude think that to educate a child is to crowd into its mind a given amount of knowledge; to teach the mechanism of reading and writing; to load the memory with words; to prepare a boy for the routine of trade. No wonder, then, that they think every body fit to teach.—The true end of education is to unfold and direct aright our whole nature. Its office is to call forth powers of thought, affection, will, and outward action; power to observe, to reason, to judge, to contrive; power to adopt good courses and to pursue them efficiently; power to govern ourselves and to influence others; power to gain and to spread happiness. Reading is but an instrument; education is to teach its best use. The intellect was created not to receive passively a few words, dates and facts; but to be active for the acquisition of truth. Accordingly, education should inspire a profound love of truth, and teach the processes of investigation. A sound logic, by which we mean the science or art which instructs us in the true method of inquiry and the sources of false judgment, is an essential part of a good education.—*Channing*.

An Auction.

While travelling at the South, a short time since, one day, as I was passing thro' a noted city, my attention was arrested by a concourse of people upon the public square.

Soon I saw two men coming through the crowd attended by a female. They entered the ring around the stand. The sequel showed them to be an auctioneer, the unfortunate merchant and the more unfortunate young lady, for slave she could not be. The auctioneer stepped upon the stand and ordered her to follow. She dropped her head upon her heaving bosom, but she moved not. Neither did she weep—her emotions were too deep for tears. The merchant stood near me. I attentively watched his countenance. "Twas that of a father for the loss of an only daughter.—Daughter he had not; but I understand that he had intended to adopt her, who, instead of being now free, was doomed to perpetual slavery. He appeared to have a humane heart. With tears in his eyes he said, "Helen, you must obey—I can protect you no longer." I could bear no more—the heart struggled to free itself from the human form. I turned my eyes upward—the flag lay listlessly by the pole, for not a breeze had leave to stir. I thought I could almost see the spirits of the liberty martyrs, whose blood had once stained that soil, and hear them sigh over the now desecrated spot.

I turned to look for the doomed. She stood upon the auction stand. In stature she was of the middle size; slim and delicately built. Her skin was lighter than many a Northern brunette, and her features were round, with thin lips. Indeed, many thought no black blood coursed in her veins. Now despair sat on her countenance. O! I shall never forget that look. "Good heavens!" ejaculated one of the two fathers, as he beheld the features of Helen, "is that beautiful lady to be sold?" Then fell upon my ear the auctioneer's cry, "How much is said for this beautiful healthy slave girl—a real albino—a fancy girl for any gentleman! How much?—How much? Who bids?" "Five hundred dollars," "eight hundred," "one thousand," were soon bid by different purchasers.

The last was made by the friends of the merchant, as they wished to assist him to retain her. At first no one seemed disposed to raise the bid. The crier then read from a paper in his hand, "She is intelligent, well informed, easy to communicate, a first rate instructress." "Who raises the bid?" This had the desired effect.—"Twelve hundred"—"fourteen"—"sixteen," quickly followed. He read again—"She is a devoted Christian, sustains the best of morals, and is perfectly trustworthy." This raised the bids to two thousand dollars, at which she was struck off to the gentleman in favor of whom was the prosecution. Here closed one of the darkest scenes in the book of time.

This was a Southern auction—an auction at which the bones, muscles, sinews, blood and nerves of a young lady of nineteen, sold for one thousand dollars; her improved intellect, for six hundred more; and her Christianity—the person of Christ in his follower, four hundred more.—*Liberty Press*.

Affection.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart.—Who would not rather bury his wife than bury his love for her? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave, than entomb his parental affections? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness, God is love. Love God, love every body, and every thing that is lovely. Teach your children to love, to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God, love to man.—*Chamber's Journal*.

True Star.

There is one star which will never disappoint the hopes it awakens; its ray is never dimmed and it knows no going down; its cheering light streams on through ages of tempest and change. Earth may be darkened, systems convulsed, planets shaken from their sphere—but this star will pour its steady and undiminished light; the eye that is turned to it will gladden in its tears, the countenance that it lights, sorrow can never overcast. The footstep that falls in its radiance finds no gloom even at the portal of the grave. It is the star—

"First in night's diadem,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem."

THE EFFECT OF OUR WORDS.—I have found by experience, (says an author,) how useful it is to watch the effect of the words we use on ourselves, and observe how much our feelings are under the control even of our tones and language. I have been surprised to find how much the utterance of a severe word has increased my feelings of resentment toward offending individuals, and how entirely my anger has been subdued when I have unintentionally, perhaps, mentioned them soon after, in words and tones of compassion.

A BRAVE THOUGHT ON SUICIDE.—Cicero, in his treatise on old age, says that man is a sentinel placed on his post by God, the great commander of the world, nor can he (man) honorably leave his post, until his commander takes him from it.

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Verily I say unto you

it is unto one of these my

to me.—Matt. 25: 40

Behold I stand at the

20.

Let your lamp be

Ever waiting for

Standing ready

Listening to not

Know ye not the

That shall neve

Chanted at the

Jesus knocketh

Travel-mongers,

Asks for rest, and

While his rest

Listen to his ear

Christ himself

"If ye help him

Ye have done

Jesus knocketh

Bowed with grief

Seeks some gear

To assuage his

Ye in weakness

Where this is

Stretch a friend

For he is thy